

Blue-eyed big sister by TheGirlWhoWait

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Summary:

Nancy was the blue-eyed big sister of Mike and Holly Wheeler, Barb's best friend, the girl who sighed in the corners, who fell in love with Steve Harrington and an excellent student. But that was not enough, life demanded that it be beyond all that.

A little bit about Nancy Wheeler, the one who from a simple superficial teenager became a strong, determined and totally badass girl.

Blue-eyed big sister

She stumbled a few steps forward, too distressed to remember the rules of etiquette a girl of her age should obey. Strange men were coming in and out of her house, from the house where she had taken the first steps; of the only place on earth where she had believed she was insured from the world. They were invading her sanctuary. Let the goddamned etiquette go to hell! She just wanted to put an end to that once improbable scene.

The anguish that tightened her chest was replaced by an uncontrollable wave of indignation when someone grabbed her and prevented her from advancing further. Nancy did not have to look to know that it was Jim Hopper who was in the way. What did he want, for her to stand there watching that scene without doing anything?

"Let me go!" She ordered, her voice too broken for credibility.

Hopper did not let go. Idiot man, he did not understand, it was not his family that was at the mercy of those strange scientists ... He did not hear a single word from the speech he addressed to her, the mind full of unsettling thoughts involving Mike and his friends. Jesus! Her brother...

"Mike's there ..." She tried to argue, desperate to get rid of the firm grip that kept her from running home. And if he let her go, would she really dare run into those strange oppressors? Yes, she would; Not even to scream, to disbelieve as an insane ordering them to withdraw from her home.

"He's not there. They did not find him, at least not yet." He pointed to the sky and Nancy did not stop herself from going into shock.

Smearing the blue sky from the one a week ago was a quiet little town, there was a helicopter that clearly searched for someone. More specifically by three boys and a twelve-year-old girl. Mike and his friends had caused all that.

"For Mike?" Was all this a skinny, irritating little boy? He was just an innocent child, they had no right to be hunting him as if he were an

animal or a fugitive. If he had done something wrong he had been unconsciously.

Allowed Hopper to guide her back the car (something he did with surprising gentleness), fear corrupting Nancy each body cell. She fell beside Jonathan, the warmth of his body pulling her, pleading desperately for her to look at him to share the pain, the feelings that were prevailing at that moment. But she did not. She fixed her blue eyes on the upholstery of the car and so continued even as the Sheriff questioned her about the possible whereabouts of Mike and his friends. No, she did not know where he was. The only place she could imagine her younger brother was in the basement, and since the strange scientists had already been there and had not found him, she could not see any other possible location.

The car drove off and also stopped without her realizing it. They were now in the Byers' house (the place was completely destroyed, but no time was left to notice such details), since Jonathan knew a way to get in touch with Mike. But what ... Of course! The walkie talkie! Mike and his friends had been saving up for months so they could buy a set of four walkie-talkies so they could keep in touch even far from each other. How had she not thought of that?

She held the object with both hands, one quivering over the other.

"Mike, are you there? Mike?"

There was no answer to this and to the next calls she made. Joyce Byers, beside her, looked at her with a mixture of anticipation and pity. Everyone had that look on their faces, even Jim Hopper, who had at one point been the only one inclined to ignore the warmth of the emotions that dominated him. After a while, when the desperation, the fear that the bad men had finally reached her little brother was beginning to accelerate Nancy's heart, Hopper took the electronic from the girl's hands, clearly tired of watching so many consecutive failures.

Jim Hopper, Hawkins's relentless Sheriff, did not fail like Nancy; Mike's voice came up almost immediately. The relief she felt was little more than the sudden feeling of resentment that filled her. Mike had deliberately ignored her; he had chosen to trust the Sheriff, a

stranger, than his, her sister. Shit! Why had he done that?

Nancy shook her head, reality calling her back. She watched the way Hopper headed out of the house, the fate he had in mind was the same that Nancy wanted to take at that moment. The old iron. Did not ask to accompany him, doing this would be waste of saliva and patience since the response of the older man would be a hard and obvious "no". Hopper had a clear inclination to work alone, he was only tolerating her and the Byers out of sheer necessity, if not, he would have dismissed them long ago.

She kicked at nothing, tired of waiting and already sorry she had not accompanied Hopper. He would have dismissed her, yes, but she could have insisted. She could have persuaded him until he gave in. Oh, who was he trying to fool ?! Not even under threat of death would he have taken her.

"Your brother ... He'll be fine. Believe."

She looked up at Jonathan. There were just the two of them in Will's room – She sat on the bed of the missing Byers and he with his back to the room's only window –, Joyce had left the room sometime since Hopper's departure.

"They'll be fine. Will and Mike. They'll both be fine." She closed her eyes for a moment, then opened them again. "You must have faith, Byers."

The ghost of a smile crossed Jonathan's face.

"I have, Wheeler." A minute of silence passes, both of them are too immersed in their own worlds to utter. "Come on, let's go into the living room. They should be here soon."

But Jonathan was wrong. Hopper and Mike gave no sign of life. One, two, three hours passed and nothing of Nancy's little brother. She prayed silently. She had never been a very religious person. Yes, she went to church on Sunday with her family, but that did not mean that she was actually paying attention to the priest's words. But the panic she felt was so great that she found herself asking the skies for Mike's well-being. Night had already fallen when a blinding light (a

car headlamp) lit the Byers residence. Nancy did not move, not before the rush of agitated pre-teenagers reached her.

They had arrived.

The sight of the freckled dark-haired boy advancing slowly ahead of the boys' procession and a man filled Nancy's eyes like never before. She ran out, this time there was no one to stop her from doing so, and even if there was, that someone would not have gotten it. Mike was there. Mike was there, he was safe and that was all that mattered to her right now.

She took the boy in a tight hug that he reluctantly accepted. She did not blame him. He was still a child; to him it was embarrassing to be hugged by a girl, especially if this girl was his big sister. He went to examine every visible detail of his younger brother; milky skin, glossy black hair, dusty robes that bravely preserved the odor of fabric softener and boyish scent.

"Mike. Oh, my God, Mike! I was so worried!"

Nancy traced the freckles that marked the face of the younger. He was well and the appearance of this fact brought her a momentary calm that she could hardly enjoy.

"Yeah. Me too."

Nancy's blue eyes rummaged through the darkness behind her younger brother searching for something that would indicate danger. She found nothing but Sheriff Hopper, Mike's usual friends (Lucas and Dustin) and a boy wearing a pink dress. Oops! Was that a girl? Yeah, it was definitely a girl.

Not just any girl; That was *the girl*.

Even as the dim light of the Byers' porch illuminated, Nancy carefully studied the features of that strange child. The girl had big mistrustful brown eyes that did not cling to someone's face for more than three consecutive seconds, her lips parted in a silent scream of terror, pale skin was stained with something between dust and blood, her head had not curls or the cascade of silky threads she was accustomed to

finding on a girl's head; The girl's hair summed up a poorly made military cut that was in the process of growing. The pink dress worn by her was vaguely familiar to Nancy. In fact, she was sure she'd had a dress exactly like that when she was eleven ...

"Is that my dress?"

The girl drew back, her brown eyes glinting with something that Nancy supposed was fear. She was frightened of Nancy, a seventeen-year-old girl whose greatest wickedness had ever been, beyond a shadow of a doubt, to hide her little brother's teddy bear when he still slept with one.

"You have not worn that dress in years" Mike scolded her, his mouth twisted in disgust. But what ...? What was he doing? Was he really defending a girl, the one who was so disgusted with the opposite sex? "El needed clothes and his old clothes were the best option at the moment. Nothing more."

Behind him, squeezed between Dustin and Lucas (as if seeking the protection of the two nerds) and with still restless and fearful eyes, the girl nodded as a shy apology came from her lips. Her voice was only a controlled, sad murmur that could have been taken as the result of a high level of shyness. But it was not shyness that made her talk like that; no, not this time the shyness was not at fault at all. What induced the girl to speak as meekly and to react as a wild animal were obvious years of ill-treatment.

Mike advanced into the Byers' house without waiting for an invitation and was promptly followed by his friends. The girl-El, as Mike had called her-accompanied the boys in silent footsteps, their restless eyes studying everything around her. It was as if all this was a novelty in her life. And maybe it was even, who knows?

Mike knew a great deal of information about her. He said all he knew and what he forgot about his friends, with as much gentleness as twelve-year-old had, they added without hesitation. The girl, who had been careful to stay close to Dustin, had remained in a noticeably trained silence until Hopper confronted her directly.

"The portal is underground?" He asked short and thick. He did not

seem to mind that he was talking to a girl who, according to Mike and his friends, had powers.

The girl let out a martyred "yes" to that and to the Sheriff's next questions. Neither of them hesitated, "he asked firmly, and she answered him in her soprano voice, her dark eyes fixed on those of the man who was ten times the size of her. She was brave, much braver than Nancy had been at that age. Thinking about it raises a pertinent question: What the hell had the girl seen to be so impassive in the face of the tension that lived with the others? What had they done to her?

Nancy made a mental note that later, when it was over-when Barb and Will were at home, away from any and all danger that did not come from the local school-ask Mike about Eleven's background. Mike seemed to be some kind of expert about Eleven. He seemed to like her too much. Maybe her little brother was experiencing the taste of teenage love.

Eleven's courage seemed to fade slowly as she undressed the few belongings she had. Nancy saw all the girl's courage vanish as she, guided by a cautious Joyce Byers, stepped into the kiddie pool that had been set up in the middle of the school gymnasium in an attempt to imitate a tank of sensory deprivation.

Nancy held the infamous laughter that wanted to escape. She understood the concept, knew in theory what it was, but she had never imagined being in front of one (or at least an imitation of one), hoping earnestly for the ultimate goal to be achieved. All she wanted was for things to go back to the way they were before. Was it too much to ask to have Barb there on her side? Or that Steve was not the pretentious asshole he'd been proving himself to be? Was it too much to ask for a normal teenage life?

Now, looking hard at Eleven, she knew she was complaining for nothing. What was happening in Nancy's life would not go very far;

soon the threats would be gone, Barb and Will would be back and everything would be in its proper place. Nancy would be stronger, more determined and with Barb at her side so they could attend college together. Life would be as it was before. While Eleven, the little girl with big brown eyes, could never have such a privilege. His life before that moment had been terrible, and the only certainty there was in his future was that he would definitely not be normal. She, by herself, was no longer normal.

"She will not get hurt, will she?" Mike questioned no one in particular, clearly without waiting for a definitive answer. He was kneeling beside the children's pool, leaning dangerously forward. Her eyes were fixed on the little-fashioned pink-haired girl who floated on the water.

"No, boy, she's done this before." Hopper replied without even looking at him, too focused to pay attention to what was happening. Nancy doubted he knew which of the three anxious boys was responding. "She's done this before."

Nancy's world collapsed when the truth came through the screams the little girl began to release. She frowned, her ear buzzing at the sudden shout. What had frightened the one who, a few minutes ago, had been so brave?

"Died! Died! Died!"

Barb. The girl could only be talking about her. No, she could also be talking about Will or about an animal, right? Right?

Her heart sank. Of course the girl was talking about Barb, who else was she talking about? Will? No, it was not his that she spoke of. If it was the Byers they would not be as hopeful as they were at that moment.

Nancy swallowed a sore sob. Barb was dead. The two of them would never go shopping together again ... Nancy could never again glimpse her friend's red hair in the crowd and know that she was there, waiting for her and supporting her. She would never see her friend again ... She had not even said goodbye to her. Barb had died alone, with no one beside her ensuring everything would be all right.

She ignored Eleven's new set of screams. Barb was dead and Nancy was now alone. Who would warn Nancy about the boys? Who was going to take care of her in school? Who would care as much about her as Barb had cared?

As heart still shattered, she felt a new feeling bubble within herself struggling to come out. Rage. She was definitely angry-about herself, about everything and everyone-and more than ever she wanted to act to avenge her friend's death. The thing Barb was going to pay ...

Nancy's mother had always told her that the desire for revenge would grant nothing but pain and remorse. Okay, so she was willing to feel that pain and remorse, even if she doubted it would be to feel it by killing the faceless monster that had been destroying her life in the last few days.

Nancy looked across the small pool to Jonathan Byers more specifically. He saw in his eyes the same desire for revenge and understood the line of thought from which he used it. It was quite simple, Will was still alive, but most likely, he was at death's throes and he wanted to end the existence of the one who had hurt his little brother. He wanted to kill the monster as much as she did. Yeah, that night she'd find Jonathan Byers a perfect revenge partner. The two would go to hell if that was necessary to end the damn monster's life.